

A close-up, high-contrast portrait of KRS One. The image is dominated by warm, orange and red tones. His face is the central focus, with his eyes looking slightly to the right. His hair is dark and curly, visible at the top and right edges. The lighting is dramatic, highlighting the texture of his skin and the intensity of his gaze.

KRS ONE

# KRS-One Lyrics

"Rappaz R. N. Dainja"

[Verse 1:]

Blastmaster Kris I don't talk ish  
Expand your consciousness and dismiss foolishness  
No one is new to this or new to Kris  
In hip-hop's atomic structure, I am the nucleus  
That is the center of the group we/us  
they/them/you, every squad every massive every crew  
Dental floss is lost when a true rapper jumps off  
The cash is incidental but not mental distract you off course  
The style that I am kickin is like chicken  
It will be bitten, rewritten, then performed for a \$25 admission  
Reviewed in The Source  
You will listen then find somethin missin of course... it's skills  
That's what you're fishin for, it's lost  
I'm gettin too explicit, the track jingles  
I won't do a wack album then remix it for my single  
Kickin rhymes til I wrinkle, and my brown eyes twinkle  
God called hip-hop for the nine-cinco

[Verse 2:]

Tasty like a souffle french croissant on Tuesday  
Rappers be boo-tay  
Goo-fy that's how they crew stay  
Bitin whatever you say to boost they ego  
We know the steelo, your whole character is foul  
Makes me want to shoot a free throw, BLAOWW  
From the git go, no, get go, my flow hits low  
Wherever all the dope shit go, there's where my shit go  
Bee-dee-bee-bo, skank, I think  
Self with ya groups everyone else and the bank  
Others like to bring the shottie to the party  
I bring knowledge of self, you cure the mind, you cure the body  
Some rappers like to come to the party, hopin to leave with somebody  
check, I come with skills and I leave with your motherfuckin respect  
Ahh yeah... so check, UH!

[Verse 3:]

New types of verbal hip-hop I bring  
When you know you can sing BOY you know you can sing  
I do not clutter up the airwaves, with stacks of useless facts  
MC's trying to be macks, but acts like ignorant blacks  
Freak that, I'll snap your back as it cracks  
you will experience, loss or lack of balance  
Stop the violence, fry from week to week like an allowance  
All of you are cowards hiding behind the mask of MC  
I remember, thinkin back to eighty-three  
No video, no you had to be a real live MC  
Now you younguns grow up buggin, any new jock you're huggin  
weak production, let me tell you somethin  
Any MC can battle for glory

But to kick a dope rhyme to wake up your people's another story  
Act like you never saw me  
Cause when it comes to lyrics, I'm in a different category

Writer(s): Parker Lawrence Krsone, Martin Chris E, Best Anthony, Pastorius John, Credle Omar Gerryl

# KRS-One Lyrics

## "De Automatic"

(feat. Fat Joe)

Some fear de 'matic  
Ah hah hah, heh heh heh, EHHH  
Check it out

Some fear de 'matic, yes de automatic  
Disrespect, from MC's, me nah go have it  
De automatic, get de automatic  
Tonight a rapper gwan die

Crazy MC's waste they time chasin millions  
While KRS-One, holds the minds of the children  
I'm buildin a followin of a hundred and forty-four thousand  
Chosen few heads up in project housin  
A true rapper, street rapper, rappin to the center  
I enter any cipher, with tales of adventure  
If rappers are ridin beats like cars, I'm bendin mad fenders  
Put down your mic and surrender  
Youse a pretender, Blastmaster KRS rules the pavement  
Kickin Edutainment while you wait for your arraignment  
Save it friend before your chest I cave it in  
I got my way again, I'm classical like a fuckin Harley Davidson  
How do you think I kick a lyrical style no and you figure  
It's simple, I'm a rap God, and youse a nigga  
Don't mean I'm bigger, it simply means I'm smarter  
For starters, I come at you poetically harder

De automatic, get de automatic  
Disrespect, from MC's, me nah go have it  
De automatic, get de automatic  
Tonight a rapper gwan die

Ha hah, fake ass rapper, how you think you got juice?  
When you rock a pair of panties underneath your bubblegoose  
(Word) KRS-One will fuck up parties dramatically  
My reflex'll slap a wack rapper automatically  
When you was home witcha mother, afraid of the dark  
I was sleepin out in Prospect Park  
Eatin one meal every 48 hours  
Writin dope rhyme styles that you now devour  
Don't you realize, that I'm all about survival  
I got only friends cause I KILLED all my rivals  
Show up at the rhyme recitals, took they titles  
From eighty-six to ninety-six completes my first cycle

De automatic, get de automatic  
Disrespect, from MC's, me nah go have it  
De automatic, get de automatic  
Tonight a rapper gwan die

I spent 40 days, and 40 nights in the wilderness  
I'm hard, from head to toe yo there ain't no killin this  
I wrote over 100 rap hooks  
and sociological books, while you worried about your looks  
Now you wanna enter the dragon in sound  
But I've got the live club show locked down  
Platinum and gold don't hold in my arena  
You gots to keep it real on the mic, when they see ya  
I manifest, in the West the East and overseas  
The vision in rap is wack, and I don't know of these  
I represent New York to be specific  
The South Bronx, but in Japan I'm still gifted  
I grab a jet and land on your set, what the fuck?  
Twenty bucks for a rap show is still, twenty bucks  
I start from eighty-six, and bring you into ninety-six  
No gimmicks, tricks or lip-sync lyrics

De automatic, get de automatic  
Disrespect, from MC's, me nah go have it  
De automatic, get de automatic  
Tonight a rapper gwan die

*[Fat Joe]*

Yeah yeah it's the God Fat Joe  
Representin the motherfuckin South Bronx  
With my nigga Kris, knockin off frauds  
Motherfuckers wanna do what?  
Big shout out to my nigga Kenny Parker  
Ill Will, BDP crew for life nigga  
Naughty Gotto, the Big French productions  
Of course the TAT crew, my nigga Brim  
The T.S. crew, and the whole Godsville  
South Bronx represent nigga, uhh

The South Bronx, the South South Bronx  
South Bronx, the South South Bronx  
Yeah! Uhh!

Writer(s): Lawrence Krsone Parker

# KRS-One Lyrics

## "MC's Act Like They Don't Know"

### *[Intro]*

Clap your hands everybody, if you got what it takes  
Cos I'm KRS and I'm on the mic, and Premier's on The Breaks

### *[Verse 1]*

If you don't know me by now I doubt you'll ever know me  
I never won a Grammy, I won't win a Tony  
But I'm not the only MC keepin' it real  
When I grab the mic to smash a rapper, girls go "IIIIII!"  
Check the time as I rhyme, it's 1995  
Whenever I arrive the party gets liver  
Flow with the master rhymers, that's to leave behind  
The video rapper, you know, the chart climber  
Clapper, down goes another rapper  
Onto another matter, punch up the data, Blastmaster  
Knowledge Reigns Supreme Over Nearly Everybody  
Call up KRS, I'm guaranteed to rip a party  
Flat top, braids, bald heads or natty dread  
There once was a story about a man named Jed  
But now Jed is dead, all his kids instead  
Want to kick rhymes off the top of their head  
Word, what go around come around I figure  
Now we got white kids callin' themselves niggas  
The tables turned as the crosses burned  
Remember You Must Learn  
About the styles I flip and how wild I get  
I go on like a space age rocket ship  
You could be a mack, a pimp, hustler or player  
But make sure live you is a dope rhyme sayers

### *[Verse 2]*

This is what you waited all year for  
The hardcore, that's what KRS is here for  
Big up Grand Wizard Theodore, gettin' ill  
If you see then ya saw I'm in your grill with mad skill  
MC's can only battle with rhymes that got punchlines  
Let's battle to see who headlines  
Instead of flow for flow let's go show for show  
Toe for toe, yo, you better act like you know  
Too many MC's take that word 'emcee' lightly  
They can't Move a Crowd, not even slightly  
It might be the fact that they express wackness  
Let me show ya whose ass is the blackest  
I flip a script a little bit, you ride the tip and shit  
Too sick to get with it, admit you bit, your style is counterfeit  
Now tone it down a bit  
My title you will never get, I'm too intelligent  
I'll send your family my sentiments, my style is toxic  
When I rock and shock and hip hop it unlock your head, I knock it  
It split quick from the lyric

Direct hit, perfect fit, you can't get with it

*[Verse 3]*

Some MC's don't like the KRS but they must respect him  
Cos they know this kid gets all up in they rectum  
Slappin' and selectin' em, checkin' em, disrespectin' em  
Just deckin' em, deckin' em, deck-in' em  
Who in their right mind can mimic a style like mine?  
I design rhyme and get mine all the time  
MC's standin' on the sidelines, always dissin'  
When I roll up and rush their crew they start bitchin'  
I don't burn, I don't freeze, yet some MC's  
Believe they could tangle with the likes of these  
Cross your t's and dot your i's whenever I arrive  
Wide, magnified, live like the ocean tide  
You dope, you lied, I reside like artefacts  
On the wrong side of the tracks, electrified  
Comin' around the mountain, you run and hide  
Hopin' your defence mechanism can divert my heat-seeking lyricism  
As I spark mad iszm  
The 1996 lyrical style's what I give 'em

Writer(s): Parker Lawrence Krsone, Martin Chris E

# KRS-One Lyrics

## "Ah-Yeah"

Ah yeah, that's whatcha say when you see a devil down  
Ah yeah, that's whatcha say when you take the devil's crown  
Ah yeah, stay alive all things will change around  
Ah yeah, what? Ah yeah!

So here I go kickin science in ninety-five  
I be illin, parental discretion is advised still  
dont call me nigga, this MC goes for his  
Call me God, cause that's what the black man is  
Roamin through the forest as the hardest lyrical artist  
Black women you are not a bitch you're a Goddess  
Let it be known, you can lean on KRS-One  
Like a wall cause I'm hard, I represent GOD  
Wack MC's have only one style: gun buck  
But when you say, "Let's buck for revolution"  
They shut the fuck up, kid, get with it  
Down to start a riot in a minute  
You'll hear so many Bowe-Bowe-Bowe, you think I'm Riddick  
While other MC's are talkin bout up with hope down with dope  
I'll have a devil in my infrared scope, WOY!  
That's for calling my father a boy and, KLAK KLAK KLAK!  
That's for putting scars on my mother's back, BO!  
That's for calling my sister a hoe, and for you  
BUCK BUCK BUCK, cause I don't give a motherfuck  
Remember the whip, remember the chant, remember about rope and  
you black people still thinkin about vot-ing  
Every president we ever had lied  
You know I'm kinda glad Nixon died!

### *[Chorus]*

This is not the first time I came to the planet  
But everytime I come, only a few could understand it  
I came as Isis, my words they tried to ban it  
I came as Moses, they couldn't follow my commandments  
I came as Solomon, to a people that was lost  
I came as Jesus, but they nailed me to a cross  
I came as Harriet Tubman, I put the truth to Sojourner  
Other times, I had to come as Nat Turner  
They tried to burn me, lynch me and starve me  
So I had to come back as Marcus Garvey, Bob Marley  
They tried to harm me, I used to be Malcolm X  
Now I'm on the planet as the one called KRS  
Kickin the metaphysical, spiritual, tryin to like  
get wit you, showin you, you are invincible  
The Black Panther is the black answer for real  
In my spiritual form, I turn into Bobby Seale  
On the wheels of steel, my spirit flies away  
and enters into Kwame Ture



*[Chorus]*

In the streets there is no EQ, no di-do-di-do-di-do  
So I grab the air and speak through the code  
the devil cannot see through as I unload  
into another cerebellum  
Then I can tell em, because my vibes go through denim  
and leather whatever, however, I'm still rockin  
We used to pick cotton, now we pick up cotton when we shoppin  
Have you forgotten why we buildin in a cypher  
Yo hear me kid, government is building in a pyramid  
The son of God is brighter than the son of man  
The spirit is, check your dollar bill G, here it is  
We got no time for fancy mathematics  
Your mental frequency frequently pickin up static  
Makin you a naked body, attic and it's democratic  
They press auto, and you kill it with an automatic

*[Chorus]*

Writer(s): Lawrence Krsone Parker

# KRS-One Lyrics

## "R.E.A.L.I.T.Y."

Reality, ain't always the truth  
Rhymes Equal Actual Life, In The Youth

"These are the streets!  
Shit is real out here!  
This ain't no fuckin joke!"

I lived in a spot called Millbrooke Projects  
The original Criminal Minded rap topic  
With twenty cents in my pocket I saw the light  
If you're young gifted and black, you got no rights  
Your only true right, is a right to a fight  
and not a fair fight, I wake up wonderin who died last night  
Everyone and everything is at war  
Makin my poetic expression hardcore  
I ain't afraid to say it, and many can't get with it  
At times in my life, I was a welfare recipient  
I ate the free cheese, while the church said believe  
and went to school everyday, like a god damn fool  
Well anyway, here I am, chillin at the party  
Brothers lookin at me like they wanna kill somebody  
A cypher manifested in the center of the jam  
I got to show these wack rappers really who I am  
It's me against them, so I clear the phlegm  
and wage the war, hardcore to the end  
For someone lookin inside, yeah from the out  
it seems like disrespect is what rap is all about  
But hip-hop as a culture, is really what we give it  
But sometimes the culture contradicts how we live it  
Cause every black kid lives two and three lives  
The city's a jungle, only the strong will survive

Reality, ain't always the truth  
Rhymes Equal Actual Life, In The Youth  
Reality, ain't always the truth  
Rhymes Equal Actual Life, In The Youth

Every single day I hear lie after lie  
Like "Black people don't die, we multiply"  
So when I kick a rhyme I represent how I feel  
The sacred street art of keepin it real  
Why I gotta listen, to somebody else?  
How they got wealth, let me talk about myself  
But all I really got is hip-hop and a glock  
The results are obvious, if I'm confined to my block  
Occasionally, in the city I'm released  
to meet other beasts, lookin for the feast  
We grunt and growl, on the prow, as the air gets thinner  
"Yo yo there he go, him," there's the dinner  
White meat, carryin a bag of some sort

Life is short, white meat is quickly caught  
A scuffle a muffle yet none of us hesitated  
Like Mother Africa, white meat is violated  
We quickly dissapear, like Santa's little elves  
And go into a area to fight amongst ourselves  
We say, "peace/piece" cause that's what we really want  
A piece of the pie that America flaunts

Reality, ain't always the truth  
Rhymes Equal Actual Life, In The Youth  
Reality, ain't always the truth  
Rhymes Equal Actual Life, In The Youth

"Oh shit!"

The truth is that police must serve and protect  
REALITY is black youth is shown no respect  
The truth is government has a war against drugs  
REALITY is government is ruled by thugs  
With all this technology, above and under  
Humanity still hunts down one another  
Rappers display artistic cannibalism  
through lyricism, we fight each other over rhythm  
Through basic animal instincts, we think  
So the battle for mental territory is glory, end of story

Reality, ain't always the truth  
Rhymes Equal Actual Life, In The Youth  
Reality, ain't always the truth  
Rhymes Equal Actual Life, In The Youth  
Yeah

"These are the streets!  
Shit is real out here!  
This ain't no fuckin joke!"

Writer(s): Parker Lawrence Krsone

# KRS-One Lyrics

## "Free Mumia"

(feat. Channel Live)

Knowledge, where the people at?  
Free Mumia!  
Channel Live! (KRS-One, come and represent)  
(The wisdom)  
Hah hah hah hah hah hahaha!  
Free Mumia!

Everywhere I look there's another house negro  
Talkin about they people and how they should be equal  
They talkin but the conversation ain't goin nowhere  
You can't diss hip-hop, so don't you even go there  
C. Delores Tucker, you wanna quote the scripture  
Everytime you hear nigga, listen up sista

*[Verse 1: Hakim, KRS, Tuffy]*

I met up with this girl named Delores, a prankster  
I said I MC, she said, "You're a gangster"  
But she was caught up, she hit the floor like a breakdance  
Wrapped her up like the arms in a b-boy stance  
You have money cause I hear u get stars  
She said "where you from?" I said "I was born up in the south Bronx!"  
But now I reside all across america  
She said "You the one who be causing all that mass hysteria.

Wisdom shall come out of the mouths of babes and sucklings  
But you blinded by cultural ignorance and steady judging  
But judge not, lest ye may be judged  
For the judgment ye judge ye shall surely be judged, you gets no love

She said, "I like it, that's why I jock it"  
Then I said, You only on my dick because I fill brotha's pockets  
Cut the bullshit take me to you pad. she said, I'm gonna give you the ass cause I like the way your pants sag  
Spread the legs with the otha hand she threw her kitty then I sprayed jizm like graffiti on her titty  
Freestyled all night no doubt the bitch could'nt get enough cause she was strung the fuck out.

*[Chorus: KRS-One]*

Warner, Elektra, Atlantic equals WEA  
Instead of fighting them why don't you go free Mumia  
*[x2]*

*[Verse 2: Tuffy, KRS, Hakim]*

Wild recital, I kicks the vital, like the \_Final  
Call\_ as I watch, Babylon fall  
I had to Rush Limbaugh, get that pig with an axe  
Tuffy dips to the side, buckin cannons that's phat  
Because he censors the uses of the metaphor  
You can get the dick bum up  
Because it's you that brings the, real horrorcore  
Expenditures forgettin, gut from the poor

Why sure! Back before we were born they sold us out  
Yeah J. Jackson we know what you about  
Back when you were running for the presidency and competeting  
All rap was dope and u love every beat and but you took the beating  
You was using us then like you're using us now in the urban nation league  
I don't know how you figure the stop the violence movement gave you \$600, 000 NIGGA  
And now u quicker to diss and get with miss Tucker you better find another you sell out  
Mutha fucka's

Hate to be so rough, it could be the White Owls  
House niggaz are full of shit, like my Colin Powell  
Kickin vowels, is how we relieve the tension  
Until we start to bounce white people like suspension (revolution)  
You paint the pictures, the black man on the corner  
But tell me, who blew up Oklahoma?  
The City, ain't no pity, for the beast  
It's Hakim that voice from the East

*[Chorus]*

*[Verse 3: KRS, Hakim, Tuffy]*

Buck buck! Buck buck buck!  
It sound like gunshots but it could be the cluck  
Of a chicken, definition, is what you're missin and  
Listen to your children instead of dissin em  
Senator Dole doesn't understand the young people  
Like they be sayin want to, but we be sayin wanna  
They gettin dumber every summer as they walk the rope  
Maybe because they cannot understand the quotes

Word, in actuality, this Norman Bates mentality  
Always seems to represent, minus three-sixty percent  
For degrees full circle, dead from the purple  
Rays of the sun I gots melanin so check it  
Bag your nuts quick or get sick from being naked  
Suspect it, was it a means for the end  
For just a few to drive the Benz while you eat the pigskins  
Turned you into mannequins, cause the trick of technology  
A revelation, revalations  
Sensation gives me inspiration of revolution  
That's my solution, there will be no sequels  
I'm audi hundred forty four thousand with my people

From Caligula to Hitler, now it's Schwarzenegger  
A lust for the violence is the science of their behavior  
Who enslaved ya (it's the Devil) but the God of virtuosity  
And of the world created, could it be mental sodomy  
Got my mind twisted like the blades of fonta leaf  
I sit in disbelief as he crawls underneath  
The rock cock back the glock, cause I don't trust  
The Devil I rebel until Babylon is dust

*[Chorus]*

Writer(s): Vincent Morgan, Lawrence Krsone Parker, Hokiem Green

# KRS-One Lyrics

## "Hold"

Yeah....yeah.....  
Mmmmm....Mm!  
Alright, here we go...

I'm thinkin' real hard about some money I can hold  
But everybody I know is deep in the hole  
A steady payin' job is too hard for me to hold  
I call around for work but they puttin' me on hold  
But in my hand a shiny .45 is what I hold  
I make a mayonnaise sandwich out of some whole-  
Wheat, I'm feelin' weak, I can't hold  
I gotta rob somebody tonight and take the whole  
Bank roll, some cash I gotta hold  
At the bottom of my shoe is a little bitty hole  
That's it, my mental sanity I can't hold  
I'm walkin' to the store with this pistol that I hold...

Yeah....yeah.....

Half of me is sayin' maintain and uphold  
Suddenly I bump into some asshole  
He's cursin' me out, but this pistol that I hold  
Took control, and in his head I put a hole  
Ahhh man, now I'm lookin' around the whole  
Area, the gun is still hot that I hold  
I'm buggin' out, and I don't know how much longer I can hold  
I feel myself sinkin' deeper in the hole  
So in my victim's pants I rip a little hole  
And felt for the wallet, and took the whole  
Bill-fold, forty bucks is what I hold  
Suddenly I hear, "Freeze! Police! Hold!"

Yeah....mmmmm.....  
Come on!  
Yeah....wooh!  
Come on...

In the penitentiary I see a whole  
Bunch of blacks and Hispanics that they hold  
In my cell I cry like hell, my head I hold  
One day somebody ax if my shoes they could hold  
I told this guy, "Listen! My shoe's got a hole  
But what's up with that shiny sharp knife that you hold?"  
He lunged forth, the first thing that I thought of was to hold  
The arm with the knife so that he couldn't put a hole  
In me, but then I put him in a chokehold  
Took the knife and in his neck I put a hole  
Suddenly all the C.O's come to me and it's me they hold  
Beat my ass and I spend two weeks in the hole  
I'm ready to bug out, my sanity I can't hold

My needs and wants messed up my life on a whole.

Damn. Just wasn't satisfied with life.

Yeah....uh!

Yeah....

Check!

The moral to the story is...your addiction to your needs and your wants is what causes problems in your life.

Make sure you got whatcha need. Put at a safe distance all the things that you want.

It's wants that get you into trouble.

This is the balance of life...the balance to life on a whole.

Writer(s): Lawrence Krsone Parker



# KRS-One Lyrics

## "Wannabemcee"

"One two, testing one two  
Alright party people in the place to be  
The party has already started  
An-an-an-and it's about to il-il-il-ill" *[echoes]*

Let me introduce you to another type of rapper MC  
where glamour and glitter don't matter gently  
I'm tired of the Chattanooga empty  
Classical like a German luger  
Deep like a tune for scuba diving who am I the hyper  
Like I said before my radar's going BIBBIT BIBBIT  
The microphone I grip-it grip-it, lyric lyric I live it  
Hear it my spirit is where it should be  
Don't push me if you pussy, HUH  
I spot em, it seems you want to ride the dillz  
I got em, KRS got skills in the place  
I waste megahertz of bass bottom, chill  
As I rock em and get ill, I build the perfect spot to kill  
Verbal excitement will lead to your indictment  
Whether or not you like it, still, number one I hype it  
Your album, rewrite it

How many MC's, wannabemcee  
Never be MC's, cause they can't MC  
How many MC's, wannabemcee  
Never be MC's, cause they can't MC

Triplet syllables for minimal criminals  
Lyrical riddles that got hard flavors in the middle  
Sit back and chittle as I stand and still rebuild on skills  
The admission of serial lyrics, calculated to weaken the spirit  
will be diverted by this lyric when you hear it  
Ricochet any style any day  
Any which way and you'll Cherish the Day like Sade  
The advanced oratorical techniques I speak  
Keep the heat at full peak! My grammar  
with stamina, grabs a rapper like the fresh catch of the day  
and crack the back of that DJ  
I'm strappin and attackin a pack  
And whatever happens after that just happens, FACT  
Flamboyant and flashy is one point in time when you're not ashy  
Focus on the syllable formats and the cash G  
G for guard your grill, I'm hard to kill  
Odd but ill, a job to fill is to refill on skills  
We built and killed style and skill  
while poetically recriminate you like a child I will  
get ill, and switch to earn  
Cause I prefer to slur but not blur  
Blurring you're stirring up trouble surely you don't need it  
be seated I'm undefeated dem not see it

Observe me then beat it

How many MC's, wannabemceez  
Never be MC's, cause they can't MC  
How many MC's, wannabemceez  
Never be MC's, cause they can't MC

Let's get back to the point quickly, get with me  
The voice from New York City is too witty  
I come from a era of 'OJ cars', Latin Quarter  
fake Gucci and fake Fendi, you can't send me  
Nowhere, that I ain't been to  
You can't tell me nuttin that I ain't been through  
Disrespect the teacher I gots to get you  
(cause they can't MC)  
But what you really sayin  
You sound like a bitch-ass rapper when he's saying  
"Yo Kris you hit too hard" stop playing!  
Switching and swaying  
Day in and day out, your styles are played out, see you way out  
Before you're laid out, your bright lights start to fade out  
The last thing you heard is "Who let the K out?"  
No great area[?]  
Everything is black and white we took the gray out it's scarier  
Either you're winnin or losin, spinnin the rules of conscience  
But lyrically there ain't no stoppin  
I'm droppin a lot in your noggin  
Cause I know that you're lyrically starvin  
Carbon, your name, battle battle  
Everybody wants to battle but you BAB-BLE  
Who knows ya, battlin me, is the only way that you can gain exposure  
I feel for ya soldier  
I hate to say it but I told ya so  
You know that I know the ancient flow KRS-One  
is the holder of a boulder yo, money folder yo  
You want a fresh style let me show you slow  
your blow, I'm not your foe  
Battling me? No no no no no no NO!

How many MC's, wannabemceez  
Never be MC's, cause they can't MC  
How many MC's, wannabemceez  
Never be MC's, cause they can't MC

*[Mad Lion]*

If a DJ think he man den he better prepare for war!!  
BDP crew get up in that ass like a piece of toilet tissue  
General Lion I chase them all and I am on fiyah  
Represent the hardest crew, you know how we do  
Anything tess, dead! Gun shot to dem head  
Gwan *[echoes]*

# KRS-One Lyrics

## "Represent The Real Hip Hop"

(feat. Das EFX)

Only a few... will understand  
and appreciate what's about to happen  
Das EFX, come in!!!

*[Verse 1: Das EFX]*

*[Drayz]*

Well it's the super duper rhymers I'm about to set it  
Niggaz best forget it let it be or you'll regret it D  
So what it B... the D to the fuckin P  
(Yo it's me the lyricist they fear in this as you can see)  
I be's the ultimate, drop the ultra shit, fuck the other shit  
Biggety buttah shit is how we comin kid we runnin shit  
Now who you fuckin with is Diggey Das EFX'n  
We flexin, cause kid we got this rhyme and took effect y'all

*[Books]*

Aiyyo I figgety flow I rocket blow a nigga out the socket  
Keep in mind to keep the dread, now they like my pocket, watch it  
It's the rhyme fiend about a second from the crime scene  
The boogie banger twisted off the lime green  
Fuck a dime we, strictly fifty, the BDP and Hit Squad committee  
King of my city, ask my cousin Smitty, yo  
Got to get the dough, got to blow the spot  
Diggity Das KRS East coast on lock

*[Verse 2: Das-EFX, KRS]*

*[Drayz]*

To corny niggaz y'all get ate, my shit'll make you faint  
So much platinum on my walls that I can hardly see the fuckin paint  
You think it ain't before a year and stopped recordin  
Now look we comin back and runnin shit like fuckin Michael Jordan  
Accordin, to my niggaz in the sewer  
Yo you a, corny nigga so we gots ta do ya

*[Books]*

This for my niggaz on the block, handlin rock like Kenny Anderson  
I'm brandishin, stiggedy styles to keep MC's vanishing  
Scattering, fuck it, styles don't be mattering  
My pattern's amazing son Blazing like a Saddle and  
Battling's a no-no, got more Fame than Coco  
I'm paid and still drips ya with a blade from my logo  
So take your, style and Go-Go like D.C. niggaz  
Y'all know the haps we movin strapped on the East nigga

*[Drayz]*

Yo, yo, well miggedy mayday, mayday, it's Crazy Drayz's payday  
I rigged wreck it eryday, kick shit like fuckin Pele

But wait a minute, cause we get in it for the masses  
For classes, yo KRS come get up in they asses

*[KRS]*

What... I say, follow me follow me  
with my syllable syllable lyrical criminal  
MC threats are minimal to my physical they just  
whittle and whittle away, with little and little to say  
As they piddle and paddle away, they say OK  
But I chop that ass up anyway  
What's your handle I got mad MC heads upon a mantle  
I got genuine MC skin sandals  
I light the mic up like a candle, watch it melt  
Cause when I felt lyrics you both are screamin for help  
when you hear it, you can't bear it, you can't even wear it  
You oughts to just cheer it, go get it spirit!!  
As I fa-la-la-la-la, I'm comin with that rara  
Rockin mics when you was googoo gaga to your momma  
You wanted to battle KRS when you was young you told your poppa  
He slapped you in your head and said UHH-UHH  
But you didn't heed the warning  
Now I'm in the place, now I'm your face  
Lookin at your crew but they all broke out  
because they nothin but lace  
KRS is like mace, in your motherfuckin face  
Yo DJ Dice, tear down the place!!

Writer(s): Andre "krazy Drazyz" Weston, L. Parker, Willie "skoob" Hines

# KRS-One Lyrics

## "The Truth"

It's not natural  
If it goes against God  
It's not factual  
Her truth is not hard  
It's not natural  
If it goes against God  
It's not factual  
Gimme the truth!

Listen to the lyric as the negative is shrinkin  
It's shrinkin out your life when you decide to change your thinkin  
One of the first things we gotta switch around of course  
Is Jesus Christ, and him dying on the cross  
You're looking at the cross, surrounded in it's mystery  
With Jesus on the cross in a, total misery  
Now seperate Jesus from the cross so you can see  
The truth about the cross, and the cross's history  
The cross was created by the Roman government  
It's only purpose and use, is cap-i-tal punishment  
But Jesus Christ, was all about the revolution  
While the cross was used as Jesus Christ's execution  
See what if Jesus Christ, was hung upon a tree  
Upon every church wall, that's exactly what you'd see  
If Jesus Christ, was shot in the head with no respect  
We'd all have little gold guns around our neck  
If Jesus Christ was killed in electric chair, now get it  
You'd be knealing to the electric chair with Jesus, still in it  
You gaze upon the cross, and you see the execution  
You yell stop the violence but the cross you're still using

It's not natural  
If it goes against God  
It's not factual  
Her truth is not hard  
It's not natural  
If it goes against God  
It's not factual  
Gimme the truth!

So I say listen, listen, open up your third eye vision  
God is not down with religion  
Religion they be sellin it, listen up, God is intelligent  
Reading of the bible is irrelevant  
You gotta look within yourself, not a scripture  
KRS-One comes to rearrange the God picture  
If you sit and believe, you can acheive  
If you sit and accept, you don't know, what's correct  
or incorrect, take for instance Adam and Eve  
The first two people on the planet, or so you believe  
Their first time in heaven kids they had, Cain and Abel

Huh, now let me show you why the story's unstable  
According to the story, according to what you believe  
There was only Cain, Abel, Adam, and Eve  
on the whole planet, now use your intellect  
and tell me, what did Cain and Abel do for sex?  
Upon the whole planet there was not another  
Could it be for sex, heh, they were looking at each other?  
Hold up! I thought the church wasn't into that  
But wait, still yet, there is another fact  
How did the world get populated?  
Now tell me if I'm wrong, but obviously Eve had it goin on  
Think for a minute, I know it gets notorious  
But yo G, check out the chorus

It's not natural  
If it goes against God  
It's not factual  
Her truth is not hard  
It's not natural  
If it goes against God  
It's not factual  
Gimme the truth!

*[Rich Nice]*

Yo yo...  
Yo bring that back  
I wanna say something on this BlastMaster session  
Yo this is Rich Nice  
You brothers gotta stop treating these hoes like nice girls  
and these nice girls like hoes

*[KRS-One]*

True indeed, I'd like to welcome the rebirth of the Goddess  
Word up it's all about knowledge of self  
Yo Busta Rhymes, why don't you take the session over from here

Writer(s): Lawrence Krsone Parker

# KRS-One Lyrics

## "Build Ya Skillz"

*[Verse 1: KRS-One]*

Check, I control your mind with one rhyme I speak  
And get you open like a prostitutes buttcheeks  
Rapper get kicked in they mouth with cleets  
cause they're speech refuses to reach beyond the beach  
Have a seat quick I speak or spit flicks on your [?]  
Time to complete shit, no weak shit, I mean freak shit properly  
I can feel myself becoming a lyric monopoly  
Others will copy me but repeat my shit sloppily  
Shocking me with inclinations of rocking me  
Insanity it got to be  
My true identity is never meant to see  
I simply use the gifts sent to me mentally

*[Busta Rhymes]*

Yo! Word up! Get from out my face, before you get bust quickly!

*[Verse 2: KRS-One]*

Thats the hip hop, the hibby  
I rip it in a minute cause I'm gifted  
Like December 25th  
Now let me flip  
I'm all knowing lyrically syllable growing  
Even when it's snowing I'm party going  
Free flowing and stomping!  
Never tip-toeing  
Overthrowing the comp  
Big up Bronx!  
I got more styles than the planet got women  
I got as many rhymes as is many styles of women  
Don't make me come out on that ass start flippin'  
Your mental I'm afflictin'  
Actin' ill and sickin'  
Pickin' the victim at random, slammin' 'em  
Draggin' them to the stage and dismantlin' them  
As my Hydrogen turns to Helium I shine!  
None of your lyrics I'm feelin' 'em  
You rhyme  
Like you should be wearin' an apron scrapin' a pot with a name like Mariam

*[Chorus:]*

But rappers talk too much shit  
And can't back it up with lyrics  
Build ya skills

It's time for the raw shit  
Not that on tour shit  
That real hardcore shit  
KRS-One runs shit like diarrhea  
Bitin' motherfuckers hear my shit and get up outta here!

I don't care this year  
A lot of albums is wak this year  
"Will KRS bring it?" Ahh yeah!  
Thanks for the invite  
It's just about to get hype  
That straight up raw street type shit is what it feel like  
I will be displayin' lyrical styles I'm saying  
Lyrical styles from the miracle child  
Want a pile of ill styles wildin' on your radio dial?  
Smile  
I been here for awhile  
Peep my style while I go on with the song  
I rock the microphone then it to the streets with the Krylon  
clicka clacka! clicka clacka!  
Take a spraycan and slap a wak rapper!  
Stacks of money for videos I don't have it  
You're lookin' at the last MC with true talent  
Get your tape recorder fast kid  
Boombastic another classic  
Turn up the cassette!  
All my styles are lyrically fantastic and movin'  
While soothin' any urges for booing  
Ungluing your mouth from my private  
The more the merrier  
Syllable superior  
East Coast - West Coast battles are inferior  
Cause I by myself will take out the whole North America  
We need to expand rap beyond this land  
Set up competitions with England and Japan  
World cups for rappers that really fuck shit for fun  
....Yeah I know I'll get one

*[Chorus]*

Writer(s): Lawrence Krsone Parker, Anthony Grayson, Joseph L Kirkland



# KRS-One Lyrics

## "Out For Fame"

*[train whistle]*

Yo right here, right here

It's right through the fence, right through the fence

Jump! *[feet landing]*

Yeah.. right there, right there

That's the 2's and the 5's

*[bag rustling]*

Joe gimme that, the fat, the fat cap, fat cap

Yeah..

*[train rolls in]*

Aight

*[shaking can up]*

Aight, let's do it now, let's do it now

*[spray paint]*

Yeah.. yeah..

Nah gi-gimme the other cap, gimme the other one

Yeah right there

*[more spray]*

Front.. Page.. Entertainment.. Group

Yeah..

"I'm writin my name, in graffiti on the wall" *[x8]*

*[first time, minus "I'm"]*

Hah! Hahahaha

All graffiti artists hold tight, hooo!

All graffiti artists hold tight, word

Check check check it out y'all

Check check check check check it out y'all

*[KRS-One]*

I got twenty-five cans in my knapsack, crossin out the wick-wack

Puttin up my name with a fat cap

Suckers that want to be in my face I just slap that

Big respect to Artifacts, Fat Joey Crack and

Mack and, Bio, and Brim come again

with B.G. 183, recognize me

with the mad colors, I'm a fiend for spraypaint

Laugh if you wanna, I really care if you ain't

cause you don't me see, and I don't know you

But I do know Cope2, he be gettin walls too

It's the underground community of what we call writers

Worldwide burners, gettin hotter gettin brighter

Whattup Nicer, whattup Razor, whattup Chino

Masta Ase in the place, you know we know

my man Rican, my man Zorro, taught me how to draw

in the yards of the 5 train and the 4

So when I'm on tour I represent the hardcore

I'm taggin up your blackbook sure, I'm out for the fame

"I'm writin my name, in graffiti on the wall" *[x4]*

*[first time, minus "I'm"]*

Yeah, check it out check it out check it out one time  
Hip-hop music in effect one time

*[KRS-One]*

When I was growin up, I had no butcher baker candlestick maker  
I had rubbing alcohol and carbon paper  
Yeah, carbon paper and a blackboard eraser  
got me chased in the bus yards, with Rican and Nazer  
Historically speakin, cause people be dissin  
The first graffiti artists in the world were the Egyptians  
Writing on the walls, mixing characters with letters  
to tell the graphic story about their life, however  
today we do the same thing, with how we rap and draw  
We call it hardcore, they call it breakin the law  
There used to be a time when rap music was illegal  
The cops would come and break up every party when they see you  
But now the rap music's making money for the corporate  
It's acceptable to flaunt it, now everybody's on it  
Graffiti isn't corporate so it gets no respect  
Hasn't made a billion dollars for some corporation yet, so  
in the name of Phase2, Stay High, Pre-streets  
Grab your cans and hit the streets, I'm out for fame

"I'm writin my name, in graffiti on the wall" *[x6]*

Yeah, hip-hop culture in the house one time

All graffiti artists in the house one time

Yeah..

Biggin up the other side things here y'all

The visual, not your video (check it out)

*[KRS-One]*

I'm livin in the city, inner city not a farm  
Steady bombin til I get fatigue in my arm  
Watchin for the beast cause many artists they shot em  
And beat em in the yards, while doin a top to bottom  
So pass me a can, not of Old Gold  
but full blue, sky blue, watch me unfold  
with the cold burner, of names you mighta heard of  
like Fab 5 Freddy, Sam Sever  
Word to the wise, Futura 2000 recognize  
Nation of creation, G Man come alive  
Checkin out Revolt and Zephyr  
My man Easy, and Rembrandt, Mitch 77  
Oh no with the paint we can never dilly-dally  
Big up and respect to Con Art in Cali  
The Soul Artists, The Rebels, The Rascals, 3YB  
United Artists, TAT and Dondi  
Yes the other side of hip-hop is representin the visual  
Toys we be DISSIN you, I'm out for fame

"I'm writin my name, in graffiti on the wall" *[x10]*

Hip-hop in the house one time

Video graf in the house one time

All graffiti artists in the house dig the rhyme

Put up your nine, put up your nine, yeah!

Fresh.. for nineteen-ninety-five  
You SUCKERS!!!!

Writer(s): Parker Lawrence Krsone

# KRS-One Lyrics

## "Health, Wealth, Self"

Yeah.. yeah.. yup!  
You know what? I was just downstairs  
and I was on my way up here to the studio and  
a guy bumped into me and  
and he said.. he said, "Yo Kris!  
How is it that you stay in this music?  
You know, this rap music ex-specially for SO.. LONG.. SO.. LONG"  
I said, "Well you know years ago I made a deal with the Goddess"  
He said, "The Goddess?"  
I said, "Well yeah, you might know her as God  
but I know her as the Goddess"  
The universal mother  
The mother of everything you see in existance  
I ax-ked her for assistance  
in lyrical persistance  
and she gave it to me, under one condition  
She said, "I'll give you the gift  
but use the gift to uplift"  
I said, "Okay mom!"

So I tell you the truth, really  
Me nah gon' need nuttin else  
but health, wealth, and knowledge of myself  
Me nah gon' need nuttin else  
but health, wealth, and knowledge of myself

In the beginning was the word, the word was made flesh  
Knowledge K. Reigns R. Supreme S.  
Some of us guess while others of us are blessed  
Take heed to the word, that I manifest  
I manifest the future, the present, followed by the past  
Everything in nature, rules by kickin ass  
What they tellin me, but yo, you a friend to me  
so I'ma tell you the secrets of MC longevity  
Secret one: if it ain't fun, you're done  
And about your career, huh, well choose another one  
If you don't like what you do, you're through  
Lesson two: make sure you got a dope crew  
Not some crew, that's like an anchor on a shoe  
A MAD CREW, that's of some benefit to you  
Lesson three, might be contradictory or funny  
but MC's should have OTHER WAYS of gettin money  
That's to say learn other things beside music  
Make money elsewhere, Hip-Hop you won't abuse it  
Too many MC's, just emcee  
so their longevity, is based on an Uncle Tom  
at the record company  
Lesson four: sell your image, never sell a record  
Image is respected, records come and go  
and get collected

Even the records of platinum artists, that used to rip shop  
can be bought, for a quarter at the thrift shop  
Which brings me to lesson number five, the illusion  
has me thinkin, the minute they drop a record  
they'll be cruisin, in the Acura  
Slow down! You're still a amateur  
What seperates the pro from the amateur is stamina  
Not how long you can rhyme, but how long you've been rhymin  
changin with the times, and findin yourself  
still CLIIIIIIIIIIIMbin for wealth  
Blow for blow, you're still growin, still showin  
(all knowin) now that's a pro at it

Me nah gon' need nuttin else  
but health, wealth, and knowledge of myself  
Me nah gon' need nuttin else  
but health, wealth, and knowledge of myself

Thank you Mother, I'm out

Writer(s): Lawrence Krsone Parker